

Enigma

By: Aradellia

He still couldn't keep it together. He couldn't keep it down or away. What he felt, what he wanted, was right there. Then it as taken from him. His little enigma was now his only worry, but she's gone now too. He's turning into an enigma himself, consumed by his crush. What's a man and his stolen, broken heart to do besides fight for the future he may have? Ep. 19 inspired.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-02-21

Updated: 2014-02-22

Words: 2936

Chapters: 2

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Genre: Angst/Romance -
Characters: [Mako M., I. Gamagoori] N. Jakuzure - Reviews: 12 - Favs: 33
- Follows: 22

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10130044/1/Enigma>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Enigma

[Introduction](#)

[Loss](#)

[Redemption](#)

Loss

OH MY GOD, the latest episode... it has to be canon, sooner or later. But for now, have an episode 19 drabble.

If you have not watched Episode 19 yet, TURN BACK! Contains MAJOR SPOILERS!

Takes places during that one month after Mako get's taken by COVERS. Will include second chapter later!

He tugged at his new uniform. He extremely disapproved of the Nudist Beach garb he now had to dawn with the end of his Goku Uniform. His was the first to go, the first to fall into ruin until it destroyed itself while he was fighting. He got out just in time.

Now he had to adjust in the new uniform. He really didn't like being so exposed but it would have to do until they finally took down Ragyo, RECOVS, and the Life Fibers. It was all he could really do, like the rest of them. Fight when he could, rescue what was left of Japan's population, and hope COVERS wouldn't take them all. He knew though why he had to wear it, the reason behind losing his Goku Uniform. The reason why he now dawned his ally's clothes.

He was constantly looking for her. For Mankanshoku.

Out there, somewhere within the millions of COVERS attacking Japan's schools and capturing humans to move without the Original Life Fiber, was the one who held Mankanshoku, using her to energy and for fighting. It could be hurting her, killing her for all he knew. She could be dead, stuck within that disgusting alien suit, for all he knew. The thought hurt, every time it came back to mind. It hurt more coupled with the fact that he failed miserably.

He failed to save her. In front of her *entire family*, he failed. She was in arm's reach and he failed.

He was being sucked in to his memory again, and his chest burned as he relived it again. He hated the fact that he was so close... and yet let her slip away.

He heard her screams before he saw her. He heard her family screaming for her, trying desperately and failing to save Mako and the COVER slowly pulled Mako up into the air. He turned in enough time to see a dog fly up to her, missing her completely and falling back to the ground. Everything in him seized and shook him to move, to try and get her. Her mother's scream for her had him running and jumping for her, dodging countless other COVERS already powered by captured humans.

"Cut the thread! Escape, Mankanshoku!" he shouted to her, nearly screeching her name as he went airborne, reaching as far as he could for her. She struggled against the thread tied around her, but reached out for him, her fingers digging in the air for him. He was too far away, she was too far away! Wait! She could almost reach him! He could make it! He... just needed... a few more feet-!

The COVERS caught him by the arms in mid-air, taking away his progress toward her. He slammed hard into the ground, pinned by the force and weight of the COVERS. He could barely move, but was only able to look up as Mako flew up by the thread of Life Fibers.

"MANKANSHOKU!" he screamed. The threat of tears hit him like stone. He held them back. Mako's family stared in horror alongside him as she was pulled higher and higher toward the wave of COVERS hanging above.

"Some-bo-dy-help!" Mako yelled down, only getting that plea for help out to them as she was sucked in to the COVERS. The alien suit grew and detached from the Original Life Fiber and was gone.

Her family was in complete disaster. Crying and screaming over the fact that their daughter was now a plaything for Life Fibers. Her mother was in the worst shape, sobbing into her hands. COVERS floated down around them, and only then did they begin to run. Gamagoori still was pinned to the ground, struggling to move. It wasn't because he didn't have the strength.

It was the fact that he lost the will to. He had failed to save Mako.

"Mankanshoku..." her name was a sword and a shield at that moment. He closed his eyes, surging suddenly with anger and rage. Pure hatred. The COVERS were ripped off him and thrown away by the surge of adrenaline fueling his actions. They never came back, possibly knowing that it would do no good to fight him.

The sorrow and despair caught him once more. He fought back tears. He fought back his emotions. He needed to focus, to help the others while they still could be saved. Nonetheless, a single tear escaped him, rolling down his dirt-covered face, and he broke down quietly. Replacing back his face cover, he sobbed for Mankanshoku, for her safety. For her return.

Even when he caught up to her family, and found them in complete devastation, awaiting to get housing and looking after Mato, he continued his mournful cries. For his heart had shattered alongside his hopes of ever admitting to her what he felt.

When he pulled himself out of the flashback, and looked up at the mirror in front of him, he found those familiar line of tears falling down his face. It was happening more often; an occurrence he was starting to accept. He couldn't deny the facts.

He held romantic feelings for her. He could even go as far as saying he loved her.

It finally built up and overflowed after abandoning the Academy and leaving behind Satsuki, which had to be done as she was captured by her mother before any action could be taken. The pent up

emotions and sudden attacks of feelings finally made sense to him. The reason for trying to save her was suddenly clear. But now, with Mako gone thanks to his mistakes, his crush for her was hurting him.

Maybe that explains why it's called a 'crush'.

"Hey toad, you alright?" Nonon poked her head into the room, her hat tucked under her arm.

"I'm fine. I'll be out in a moment"

Nonon didn't leave until she saw something that seemed to make her move, and the door slammed closed behind her. Gamagoori gave a shaky sigh, his tears and the sobs caught in his throat returning. He settled down on his cot to his left, shrugging off the Nudist Beach uniform and just laying out naked on his bed. He could hear Mako right about now, yelling at him to wear pajamas to bed so he wouldn't risk getting sick.

He curled up and turned to face away from the door, throwing the small covers over him.

What he wouldn't give to hear Mako's glorious rants again.

Redemption

Sorry for the wait. Here's your next part!

He tossed and turned the entire night, unable to shake away the nightmares. They always came, never leaving him until he was shaken awake by others or shocked awake by the intensity of them. They were always different, but always dark, disturbing and disgusting. They always though had that same theme, the killer hook that tortured him.

Mako, always Mankanshoku.

"Gamagoori..."

It was the same tonight.

He was caught. He was trapped. The voice was too far away... Mako's screams in his ear, Life Fibers killing her... surrounded by red, covered in blood, ensnared by Life Fibers. Forced to watched as Mako was slowly drained of everything... it was grotesque, he felt like vomiting. The amount of ways they contorted and warped her, it was a damned miracle she was still alive. Blood poured like water as he struggled again against his restraints. The whispers, it was the voices, they kept on telling him he failed. Mako continued to scream and screech for his help.

"Gamagoori wake up!"

"You won't save her..." it told him. He tried to break them again, only to be hit and forced to his knees. Mako's pleads for him increased. They were chuckling at him. Her screaming hit a fever pitch, then faded like his ears were being covered. He couldn't see her. It was blood, body parts, Life Fibers... he needed to puke, but all he found he could do was scream out for her. Tears fell, hearts broke, soul

shattered... Mako's smiling face haunting him in the horrific pile of death surrounding him. More whispering, more sneers from the alien faces around him...

"GAMAGOORI! WAKE THE HELL UP"

"She's dead..." another hissed at him. The world inverted and warped until he could see Mako hanging by Life Fibers, trying to claw away from them, but they reached up to her neck. She was yelling again, his name coming from her lips multiple times. He struggled to move again, but he was shut down. They tightened around her neck and suddenly she was dropping, the life fibers tightened-

He dry heaved violently. He needed to puke! He needed to react! He needed to save her...

"Get me that pipe, I'll wake him up! Gamagoori, stop and wake up!"

"YOU'VE LOST HER!" they screeched. Mako hung limply in the air by her Life Fiber rope.

Gamagoori gasped as he suddenly was shot out of his night terror, laughing up to sit up and gasp desperately for breath. He couldn't breathe for a moment. He struggled to come back to reality for a moment. He couldn't control anything; his tears, his breathing, his heart. He felt like he was going to implode.

"What the hell was that Gamagoori?!"

He looked to his left, still fighting for control. Nonon stood there in her Nudist Beach gear with fearful yet pissed off expression. He still couldn't calm down. He ran a hand through his hair, noting that he was soaked in sweat.

Nonon's face went lax, a look of pity crossing her face. "It happened again, didn't it?"

He set his steaming hot head in his hands, and nodded weakly. What else could it be, he hissed in his thoughts. He still was not ready for anything. He still needed to calm his heartbeat, keep his breathing normal. He wiped away his tears with his thumbs, but they still continued to fall as the residual memory of the night terror played on in the back of his head. That haunting last sight of Mako...

"We'll find her soon Gamagoori" Nonon murmured. The words hit Gamagoori hard, but he did not react. She began to walk out of the room, but stopped midway through the threshold.

"You should get ready soon. You have to go help the Monkey with his work. I'm off to see if anyone survived in Honnou City or the Academy"

She closed the door behind her, leaving Gamagoori in semi-lit darkness. He finally calmed his heart down and his lungs finally could work correctly. He still couldn't knock away the effects of that night terror. It was past disturbing, past anything previously dreamed about. Never before had he seen her die. Never before had he never been able to move the moment it began.

Never before had he heard the voices actually speak words.

He shuddered. He hated this. He just wanted it to be over, to go back to normal.

... no, that wouldn't work anymore, would it? Going back to normal?

Going back to focusing only on Satsuki? Impossible. His heart now yearned for Mako. Going back to deeming her an enemy would be painful.

'We'll find her soon...'

Gamagoori gave a shaky sigh. Maybe, just maybe, they'll find her. He got up out of bed, and put on the Nudist Beach uniform. He tugged at the straps momentarily.

He still didn't approve of it, but it would have to do. Maybe Mako would like it if she saw it.

He had his mission. He had his goal. He swore his heart and soul to it, to finally have this mission completed. He needed to do this, without fail like before.

He gave his oath and promise to the Mankanshoku Family to find their daughter no matter what the cost. IF he has to get swallowed by one of the COVERS to retrieve her, he will.

Standing alongside Sanageyama and Nonon, watching as Mikisugi and Tsumugu took off in the DTR, he contemplated how to even look for her out in the field of COVERS. The even bigger challenge was how to get her out of there. They had a shot-in-the-dark idea of how, but their method of utilizing it was still being worked on. He saw the prototype; it could just maybe work to get Mako and others taken by COVERS out of their alien captors.

He had one thing to do however before fighting. He handed off Bakuzan-Kouryo to Sanageyama; he would use it better than he did at any time.

"Well, let's get going Monkey" Nonon said, crossing her arms. She however caught movement from the shadow-covered part of the hanger before Sanageyama and Gamagoori did. Out rolled Iori with the one weapon Gamagoori hoped to see.

He stepped forward as Iori started to speak. "Looks like I finished up just in time"

"It's ready?!" he exclaimed.

"Theoretically," Iori told him, "Give it a test run"

There were hundreds spread out in the dead hills in front of them. Lines upon piles upon miles of COVERS heading for them. Five against thousands... it seemed impossible, but unfortunately they had to do this. If they were to survive through this and keep from being controlled by Life Fibers, they had to take them all down. He looked around him, adjusting the weapon against his shoulder. Still no way to identify the COVER with Mako in it. He would be searching for hours on end.

Then he saw the dog. The Mankanshoku's pet dog. Barking directly at one COVER soldier.

"Could it be?"

The dog wouldn't leave the COVER alone, his barking only increasing as he grew closer.

"Let's try this out right now!" he yelled, taking hold of the handle of the weapon. It weighed more now that he only used his left arm and hand to carry it, but he knew he could handle it. The COVER immediately took action as he ran toward it. It went to swing at him, lifting up one of its huge arms and going for a left hook. Gamagoori used his other hand to hold and block it, keeping the large alien suit back as he moved the weapon in position, slowly tapping the trigger he had his left trigger finger wrapped around. The COVER fought for domination, increasing the strength put into its arms as it sought to push Gamagoori away. He stood his ground, keeping the cover back. He squinted one eye; he needed to make this perfect. He needed Mako alive.

The COVER wilted back as the weapon sucked at its middle, searching for the human captured inside. As the machine finally found her, he pulled the trigger. The gun slung forward, sucking out the captured human, temporarily holding them in the barrel and finally spitting them out the back of the weapon.

Curled up in a ball, naked from head to toe, flying from the weapon was Mako Mankanshoku.

He was relieved, excited, exhilarated, and more than all of them happy. He had found her, after a month of searching and hoping and dreaming, he finally found her.

"Mankanshoku!" he let the COVER fall back into stasis as he ran for the flying form of Mako. He practically threw the device away and stretched out his arms as far as he could reach, willing himself to catch Mako before she hit the ground. She fell gracefully into his arms as she neared the ground. He had to slide a few feet on his knees before finally stopping but he didn't really care. Mako was safe. Mako was alive, breathing, her heart beating. She was finally found.

She was okay. At last, she was okay. Tears fell before he could collect himself. Mako was slowly waking up and standing on her own. The instant he saw that she didn't exactly know she was butt naked, he turned around in embarrassment and modesty.

He could cry later. He could relax later. He could talk to her privately later. He could face his crush on her later.

He had her back, and that was most important. The talk with her, up till he gave her a uniform so she could at least be covered in the most important parts, was a blur, until Nonon decided to speak up.

"All right, quit your flirting," she teased, obviously trying to press his buttons, "If it works, go rescue more people"

"I AM NOT FLIRTING!" he defended, no doubt blushing worse. He heard that snide little laugh she gave; of course she *knew*. She's known for a while, if he could bet. But something told him not to deny it; not to forget that he wanted to flirt with Mako. He opted to talk with Nonon later about it.

Mako was his focus, her safety the biggest importance.

The most important thing, indeed, he told himself as he turned to look at Mako and tell her to get clear. The most important thing.

